The Conning Tower

THE ALLAD OF THE THOUGHTLESS COMMUTER

Within a lowly railroad car

On a wintry day and drear, Ther sate a group of commuters In scant and sorry cheer.

The car is cold, the car is bleak, The car is heated ill; They sit within that railroad car,

And shiver with the chill.

Hath oped the door and entered in

One clad in cloak of fur; The Blessed Knight hath leaped upright And stabbed that commuter.

Why hast thou alain this commuter, And reft from him his life? Then spake aloud the Blessed Knight, And waved his bloody knife:

"Oh. I have slain this Commuter, And sped his soul afar, For that he hath left the door open As he passed within the car.

"He hath let to blow the chilly blast That nipped our gentle feet. Such churlish deed this gory corse

They have gathered round the Blessed Knight Who makes nor slip nor botch,

They have ta'en a goodly bounty up To buy him a golden watch.

Shall nevermore repeat."

Upon the golden watch they buy, Is graven in letters fair, To the Blessed Knight, that alew the wight That let in the chilly air."

The Counting Tower thanks "The Evening Telegram" and "The World" for carrying through The Conning Tower's campaign for more letter boxes. We started the crusade nine years ago, but abandoned it, realizing that anything that made it easier for contributors to mail the information that Burns Brothers are in the coal business and G. Hunger supplies provender was not a thing

TO THE CINCINNATI STATUE OF LINCOLN.

AFTER THE RECENT SNOWSTORM. lank figure of our Captain in the past Now decked with snowy plumes and epaulets on thy sloping shoulders-Fate at last Hast truly girded thee; man oft forgets Thy warrior heart, that never compromised The justice of a righteous cause, nor dared To flinch nor falter, but in wrath despised The nimble, trait'rous pacifists who cared Not for their priceless heritage:-We crave Thy spirit militant that freed the slave.

*Now on public view in the quadrangi e of Union Theological Seminar;

To Mrs. May Wilson Preston, illustrator to Maximilian Foster's "Shoestrings" in the Satevepost: The drawing labelled "Miss Minch Next Repaired to a Drug Store and Refreshed Herself with a Chocolate Sundae" is a good drawing, but if Miss Minch continues to take her Chocolate Sundae through a straw she is likely to get little refreshment out of it.

The people of North Carolina rejoice that there has been such a clearing of the clouds about Mr. Osborne, whom they felt all the time was being made the victim. - Raleigh News and Observer. "Whom are you?" said Josephus."

Add Familiar Misquotations: "God rest you, merry gentle-

Alameda, Cal., Dec. 20.-Charles Ohme, merchant, proposed to Mrs. Alice Dalton at 8 o'clock last night. She accepted at 7:59. They jumped in an auto, got a license and were married by 9.

At that rate, it is astonishing they weren't married at 7:45.

MISQUOTATION'S ARTLESS AID

Sir: Hugh Walpole, in his book on Joseph Conrad, remarks page 81): "They are as surely complete poems, wrought and finshed in the true spirit of poetry, as Whitman's 'When Lilac First on the Door-yard Bloomed." Yes: it reminds me of the famous word on G. Washington: "Last on war, last on peace, last on the hearts of his countrymen."

The Contribunion, we are asked to announce, will have its annual dinner on the evening of January 12. Those who care to attend should communicate with J. W. G., 383 Central Park West.

Gotham Gleanings Looks like we would have some new mail-boxes.

*** W E. Hill was a pleasant caller Friday afternoon. *** Many from here were financially ruined Thursday. *** Many elegant Xmas cards have arrived from vari-

*** Sallie Bernhardt of Paris, Fr., will spend Xmas in

*** News are terribly scarce this week, what with 1 thing & another.

*** Frank Bangs the w. k. pedagogue from St. Paul's is here for the holidays. *** As far as we can see Don Seitz has not been in his

office much the past week. *** Ye ed took in the Cornell glee club concert last night

with Mrs. Murdock Pemberton etc. *** Geo. Ade of Brook, Ind., left here on the 2:45 passenger last Monday and contemplates to put in a few days

in the Garden City (Chicago). *** V. G. Alderson who taught ye ed all we know about mathematics and nearly all about lots of other things was in

town Wednes, from Denver where he lives, *** Julius Tannen is in Baltimore today but will have his Xmas dinner at home with his family, he having to play in Bklyn tomorrow. Thanks for the ad you gave The Tribune; Julius, last week.

Well, Mr. Cummins has been pardoned, and we should like to be forgiven for an unkind reference to him this column made a couple of years ago. It concerned the style in which his family were living while he was in prison, and the assumption that he had saved money enough from the wreckage to enable them to live

Frankie Callahan beat Harry Pierce at the Clermont Club Thursday night, and among the mysteries of journalism is The Tribune's headline, "Pierce Beats Callahan."

This is the fourteenth consecutive Christmas Eve this Sprucetree of Sprightliness has endeavored to put over the Yuletide greeting in an original way, and only once-in 1907-did we succeed in

And so we are reprinting by request of the managing editorwho was our m. e., in 1907, too-our 1907 greeting to all readers of this newspaper and other contenders in the 365-day race.

F. P. A.

Merry Christmas*!

that way was incorrect.

*Dramatic and motion picture rights reserved

The Museum and Some of Its More Recent Plans

A Memorial Exhibition of the Works of the Late William M. Chase—The Department of Prints—Sculpture

at the Academy

By ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

We haven't what we need, an American Luxembourg, but much as we need it, it is nevertheless the last thing in the world to be developed in haste. Meanwhile, thanks largely to the

along comes a veter.

Ito prove us wrong. He is Mr. Charles Schlecht, who for thirty or forty years was occupied engraving banknotes and the like. In the back of his mind there was always the hope that some day he might affirm himself, not simply as a craftsman but as an artist. His ambition had to be postponed; it slambered, but it did not die. Three or four years ago he tackled at last the big, full dress plate about which he had thought so much, and undertook to engrave "The Holy Family" by Rubens in the Metropolitan Museum. The impression of it which lies before us shows how well founded was his dream. He knews how much the "hardness" of steel engraving has done to reduce its appeal to the connoisseur. With extraordinary skill he has evaded that pitfall. He has kept his line suave and supple; he has engraved not only form but tone, and in the rich grays and blacks of his plate he gives us a really charming interpretation of the painter's fervid color. We haven't any illusions about the difficulties confronting Mr. Schlecht in his attempt at the revival of a distinctly unfashionable art. The steel engraving is much too severe an affair, too narrowly "reproductive," for modern taste. Still, this artist's labor of love must assuredly find its reward amongst serious amateurs. They cannot but kindle to his noble ardor, recognizing the fine feeling as well as the rare ability which he has disclosed in his print.

Another man of high ideals in this

another man of high ideals in this Another man of high ideals in this field, whose work in portraiture has been developed with a thoroughly artistic emotion, is Mr. Jacques Reich, the etcher. He finished not long ago a little plate of President Andrew D. White, a smooth, capable performance, done more particularly with a view to done more particularly with a view to accuracy in portraiture. It was entirely adequate. But Mr. Reich is not content to be adequate. He passed from this portrait to a large plate after a brilliant piece of painting. Boldini's celebrated portrait of Whistler, the canvas that hangs in the Brooklyn Museum. That is a piece of bravura, a tour de ferce by one of the most.



the current number is an engraving by him after a painting by Kenyon.

Con. How strange it would be, and how delightful, if the wood engraving came back as a work of art one more to be taken for granted in our illustrated publications. Its chances are only multiplied by such progressive of the Metropolitan.

But, as a familiar proverb reminds us, the Lord helps those who being the miselves. The younger etchers of the United States have latterly got a hearing by the simple process of doing clever things and showing them. If any one had told us that steel engraving could ever be rehabilitated we would have a made to be prove us wrong. He is Mr. Charles Schlecht, who for thirty or forty years as occupied engraving to prove us wrong. He is Mr. Charles Schlecht, who for thirty or forty years as occupied engraving banknotes and the like. In the back of his mind there to prove us wrong led with the selection of the continuous proves a glazgy the bope that some day he might affirm himself, not simply as a rists. He amaginate two proves a strategiant himself, and the postponed; it slambition had to be postponed; as a first the server bored, but it did not de. Three or bored in the first place is not into a large and they fill a factor in their fact; make it possible for him to acknowledge sincerity in the visionary; and make a poet of him or a mystic. Show make a poet of him or a mystic. Show him that land may have a continual battle with veracious water—a suggestive of fair. Their effect, make it possible for him to a circle fact, make it



THE OVAL MIRROR (From the painting by Richard Miller at the Academy)

At the Daniel gallery are a number of small pictures in oil and water of small pictures in oil and water others want. Mr. Davidson may know this. And yet there is something to be got in a topical subject—a President to the other. None of them is important, important consciously at least, though some may have great significance. The small picture at the outset is informal—used by the painter as the writer uses his note book—to put down without superficial polish or thoughts of the ultimate audience, to put down without superficial polish or thoughts of the ultimate audience, to put down without superficial polish or thoughts of the consolvent of the journalistic portrait gives more than political belief—it is a head modelled skilfully, with a basic knowledge of muscular play.

Davidson is a man of ideas, willing, even anxious, to apply them; able to swing clear of the bondage, the dead are lost in the consciousness of the painter as a student—disarm him, remove the veneer that he feels called upon to produce in a larger canvas, done so often less for himself than for if this is swayed a little by "swing clear of the veneer that he feels called upon to produce in a larger canvas, done so often less for himself than for if this is swayed a little by "serious" those who are later to turn critical cone whose concentration upon his work does away with consideration of the possible vergite of a disinterested world. He pays little attention to



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Portraits and paintings by Adolph
Borie are shown at the Folsom gallery.
Mr. Borie is of the official type of
portrait painter, who pays reverence
to truth, his sitter and his conscience.
His portraits are of the ordinary people of everyday life whom we meet
here and there in drawing rooms, and
know and like. He tells us about them
with the kindly intestions of a gentleman and the scruples of an Academician. The portrait of Professor Paul
Cret, in a tonal rather than a toler
envelope, painted with an honest effort
to give the better part of the picture
to the sitter, is the most successful in
point of resemblance. Others are of
Mrs. St. George Campbell, Mrs. Edward Rowland, Miss Ruth Draper, Miss
Iris Tree, daughter of Beerbohm Tree;
Dr. William H. Klapp, Mr. John W.
Pepper, Mr. J. Rodman Payne and the
two Cassatt boys; Alexander J. and
Anthony J. Drexel. In his group of
sketches, in pictures like "Woman Meditating" and "Flowers," Mr. Borie has
delved into a realm of color, dominated
by purples, unknown to the portraits.
Here he may be having more fun and
accomplishing less. Habit may not be
thrown off as easily as an old coat.

The fifty water color drawings by



brandt, and Rembrandt, here in such plates as "Six's Bridge," "Landscape with Men Sketching," "The Mill" and "The Cottage with White Palings," would seem to be a father unbeaten be a vasat multitude of processy in all shapes and sizes. We go on: Jacques Callot, Lucas van Leyden, Antoine Waterleo, Adrian Van Oscade, Jan Both, "The Great Tree"; Allart van Everdingen, John Crome, all etchera of the seventeenth century; through the eighteenth: Tiepolo, Canaletto.